

Mind



AND

Matter

Physical Life—The Gemini Department in the School of Human Progress.

VOL. 1.

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NO. 38

AT NESHAMINY FALLS GROVE.

BY MRS. GUION.

"This way to the Camp-meeting!" was shouted on every side, as we made our way into the crowded car at the North Penn Depot, and were fortunate enough to get a seat, though hundreds were waiting before us.

It is surprising to find how few Philadelphians know of this most charming spot, about eighteen miles distant from the city, less than an hour's ride by the Bound Brook line.

The country all along is beautifully rolling, and where the hills are, the tall corn-waves in luxuriance, and the scene is ever changing from rock to meadow and steep, over which young cascades frolic to the purring stream below. As the iron monster steams along its winding way, with every bound the lover of nature feels his spirits rise, and his soul comes more and more into being attuned to harmony. Oh, blessed fact!

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen, And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

In the afternoon we were addressed by Mrs. F. L. Watson of Titusville, Pa., a most remarkable speaker. Meteor-like, she flashed upon and kept her "beaten spell-bound for an hour, without preparation of any kind; her thoughts flowing in so suddenly and rapidly, a channel of lightning, and like another there it seemed. The rushing utterance reminded us of Niagara's waters leaping to the chasm. At the close she gave a poem of sufficient length, beauty and harmony to puzzle any sage in rhyme. In fact, all the speakers were in the pleasure of hearing my猛烈的演说, and the fervor of their delivery may be answered by this may seem like "Bringing coals to New Castle," if so give it a debut in that whirlpool—the editor's basket—where,

Nearing Willets Station, we perceived, on a richly covered slope, backed by lofty trees, a row of neat cottage tents, the modesty of each being as large as a dormitory, ten, eight, by twelve, the number of occupants limited to two. These resembled snug little houses, such as the pilgrim fathers would have been proud to own upon landing, and there were seen many more secluded, but no unoccupied, sites. These tents were built with the privilege of getting up housekeeping or eating at the public table, which was excellent, cooking arrangements having been provided on a thorough plan. There is an immense pavilion for the accommodation of the young folks where they may meet, and excepted that to be a favorite pastime among other denominational picnics. The grounds include about twenty acres richly covered by shade and abounding in silent retreats and romantic walks, sunny mounds and shady nooks scattered over a gentle slope, at the foot of which is the Nechesian.

This beautiful stream is about two miles in length, pure and sparkling, and as we approached it by the gravel walk over the rocks we were enchanted with the view, and the music in the air, just as a freighted little boat skinned in sight keeping time with the out-of-the-modern world.

"What fair-like life steals over the sea,

Enticing the songs!" with Neshaminy.

As we lie this camp you back to the days of your youth, provided you have emerged from that period, and restores long forgotten memories. With this comes a sympathy for youth and a fresh indulgence for their too boisterous merriment.

On this clear sheet of water you may sail or row, or the central log, beneath the branches of its borders which dip the water on either side, affording an arch of shade. Many small boats are provided for the amusement of visitors at a small expense, ladies and children feeling perfectly safe in putting about the stream while the boat is under their charge.

Fishing is also one of the attractions of this place. Stationed here and there upon the rocks which jut out among the falls, may be seen a fisherman keeping up good heart, although, as one informant said, "he had not a cent but what he had last last hour." A true fisherman is content with the morning and as fragrant as the wild Thyme and Jessamine, it would say,

"be sure to take a fishing-line along." Between ancient trees with straggling roots, may be seen (wisely placed there by hand of man) wooden seats, the proportion of which suggest the trite saying, "one comfort an' another."

There are large swings, whose gigantic arms will hurl you as near heaven as perhaps some of you will ever get, and, if weary of the game and croquet and the delightful pastime of the lawn, at least, refreshes the man in the tree with his basket full in good order, "ten cents a shock."

Indeed, we found every facility for the sojourner in the way of rest and enjoyment for his body and spiritual food for his soul here provided.

Hastening to the portion of the ground appropriate for the exercises, I found benches for the multitude of these "deluded ones" (*la Times*) now are reckoned by millions.

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J. Murry Case's Opinion.

Mr. Case says: "As to trance speakers, who pretend to speak in a perfectly unconscious condition, I don't believe one exists, or ever did exist."

We would like to ask Mr. Case whether his is not a rather muddled case. He very emphatically declares that he does not believe a speaker "ever did exist" who "pretended to speak in a perfectly unconscious condition," and goes on to say they (those speakers that he doesn't believe exist or even had an existence) "assume the trance, and give the name of some dignitary as their controller, simply to give more authority to their words. This is my opinion. I may be wrong."

Please, Mr. Case, tell us, if you can, what your opinion is, and then we will tell you whether you are wrong or not. We strongly suspect that you are absurdly wrong, regardless of what you mean; but we will suspend judgement in this Case until we hear something definite from you.

The Organ of the Spiritual Institution.

The Medium and Daybreak, London, England, notices us as follows;

"The editor of MIND AND MATTER, is writing a long series of articles describing contests he has had with Loyola and other Jesuits. That they are less than saints in the flesh and out of it trying to impede and corrupt Spiritualism is a truth, but is 'Loyola' one of them? It has been stated elsewhere, that the spirit referred to has been engaged in more or less attempting spiritual truth, altogether of an anti-Jesuitical tendency. An ignorant or perverted spirit is not bound to remain so. The contest in MIND AND MATTER looks more like a farce than a tragedy."

This flattering notice of our statements of our "Experience with the Spiritual enemies of Spiritualism" is more than we expected from "the organ of the Spiritual Institution." We feel very sure that this non-living "responsible official" of that farcical "institution" will conclude that our narrative of facts will prove in the end less farcical than he now in his ignorance imagines it will result. We assure Brother Burns that neither he nor his Spiritual-Institution possesses all the information that is to be had concerning Spiritualism. We assure him that we have the best reason for believing that the spirit of Ignatius Loyola is not now opposing Spiritualism; just as good reason as we have for knowing that, up to the present year, he has been doing so with a power and perseverance never surpassed by an individual spirit. Wait and see the end of that farce, and you will be less egotistic, Brother Burns, than you are unfortunately for your own good and that of the cause of Spiritualism.

Bob Ingersoll on the Jews.

The reader will no doubt have seen the account of the liberal and unwarranted treatment of Jews as a class of persons by the proprietors of the Manhattan Beach Hotel. This outrage on the rights and feelings of an innocent and numerous class of citizens called forth a universal protest from the press and public. Among those who have sought occasion to make known their views upon that subject is Colonel Robert Ingersoll. In a letter to Hon. J. J. Noah, Col. Ingersoll very justly says:

"Nothing is more infamous than the oppression of a class. Each man has the right to be judged upon his own merits. To oppress him or to hold him in contempt on account of religion, race or color, is a crime."

"Every man should be treated justly and kindly not because he is, or is not a Jew or Gentile, but because he is a man, and as such capable of joy and pain. If a hotel is a failure, let it be in a decent, becoming manner, let him be put out, not on account of the nation (race?) to which he belongs, but on account of his behavior. Any other course is unjust and cruel."

All this is straight to the purpose and fairly expresses a very general public view of the mean and contemptible conduct of these bigoted and selfish violators of the rights of American citizens. But what in the name of common sense does Col. Ingersoll mean when he says:

"Nothing should it be forgotten that the Jews furnish their persecutors with a religion and that they are the only people, according to the dogmas of the day, with whom the Almighty ever deigned to have any intercourse whatever."

"When we remember that God selected a Jewish for his mother, passing by all the sacred writers, all the prophets, went to the Orient, and was chosen to be the worshipper Abraham, notwithstanding the affair with Hagar, and his willingness to murder his own son; and while he held in almost infinite respect David, the murderer, and Solomon, the Mormon, it certainly is not perfectly consistent to denounce, curse, and revile of the same race who have committed so many crimes."

"The Christians have always been guilty of this inconsistency with regard to the Jews—they have oppressed the dead and persecuted the living."

In reading these four bitterly sarcastic paragraphs of Col. Ingersoll, we are at a loss to know for whom he intended that sarcasm. It applies about equally to both Jews and Christians; but as Col. Ingersoll's letter is addressed to a prominent and representative Jew we think he must have intended

it even more for the Jews than for their Christian enemies. We cannot but feel that his ridicule of what both Jews and Christians regard as sacred was out of place and in very bad taste, to say the least.

We fully agree with Col. Ingersoll, however, when he says:

"It will not do in this second century of the United States to insult a gentleman because of his nation (race?). We are, at last, a great, rich and prosperous people. Greatness should be great. Wealth should be generous, and prosperity should at least beget good manners."

Every American should resent every insult to himself, for while the rights of the lowest are trampled upon the liberties of the highest are not safe.

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There are few persons who are familiar with death-bed scenes, who have not witnessed scenes similar to the one here described, but how little they appreciate the lessons which these scenes impart as to the true nature of the dying called death. Educated to believe that no human spirit has ever returned to earth after it has severed its connection with the body it once inhabited, they cannot realize the actuality of such visitations as this little artless, truthful child realized as the spirit took its flight. Time out of mind such occurrences have been regarded as the result of mental wandering and delusion on the part of the dying person. In our own experience we recall the last moments of a cherished relative, an aged woman, who for hours before her departure conversed with one who had been her affianced lover, but who was lost at sea. His presence to her was as real as it had ever been. For forty-five years we had lived in the same house, without her ever having mentioned his name in the hearing of the family. As death drew near, her spirit became so far freed from its physical incumbrance as to render it spiritually conscious of the presence of him who had been nearer to her than all else, and she held converse with him as he awaited her enfranchisement from the mortal life.

If there was no other evidence of the truth of Modern Spiritualism than that which is afforded by the natural phenomenon called death, that alone would suffice to prove those truths beyond all doubt.

In administering consolation to the friends of the departed, on funeral occasions, how common a thing it is for clergymen of all denominations, and all those who publicly testify to the dying scene of the mourned and "lost," to dwell upon the last scenes and acts of the loved ones, and with these to comfort and cheer the sorrowing friends so far as those utterances and acts afford assurance of a happy and joyful reunion in the spirit life. Where is the man, however cold and heartless he may be, that at this day dares to tell the sorrowing husband or wife or child or affectionate relative that the truths which have been made manifest through the phenomena of Modern Spiritualism are false, and that the earthly affections are severed, never again to be enjoyed?

The philosophy of death is as necessary to be understood correctly by mortals as is the philosophy of life. Without this, life is but a wearisome journey since the gloomy prospect of an uncomprehended death clouds every moment of conscious being.

The phenomenon called death comes in so many forms and under so many circumstances, that the study of it seems to be the readiest way of determining the true relations of the soul or spirit to the physical form in which it is temporarily clothed. Not the decline from maturity and fully developed mortal life, however protracted, a part of the process of death, or rather a mundane gestation, preparation to the birth of the mature spirit?

In the remarkable case of Miss Mary Fancher, we have an instance of an arrested physical development, and at the same time an arrested death. For many years the spirit of this remarkable woman has remained connected with a body which hardly subserves a vital function, and when death comes to her in its finality, she will hardly realize the change in her condition, for she now lives as much without that poor remnant of a body as in it. When that takes place Miss Fancher will enter the spirit life in the fullest realization of spiritual development and perfection.

How is it with the little three-year old child, whose dying exclamations called for these musings? Will it always remain a little child? Will it know no more of spirit life than it did of earth? If it grows in spirit and in knowledge, then why may not all grow in spirit and knowledge? This little child was undeveloped in body as well as spirit, but who have not developed in spirit, grow in spirit life? Will you answer ye who claim that we are not all heirs of eternal happiness as well as eternal life?

Attempts to Suppress Spiritualism by Law.

We have received a letter from G. G. W. Van Horn, Magnetic Healer, 533 Main street, Kansas City, informing us that he was indicted June 7th last, for practicing medicine and surgery without being enrolled as a physician, contrary to the laws of the State of Missouri. Mr. Van Horn was bound over to answer that indictment in \$300 bail. The case was set down for trial on June 19th. The evidence for the State was Miss Emma Hank, who testified that Mr. Van H. had treated her for a lame limb, and that he had applied his hand wet with cold water to the affected parts; that he gave her medical internally or externally, and resorted to no surgery whatever during his treatment of her.

The State's Attorney, Peake, maintained that water applied by the hands was sufficient to warrant a conviction. He asked the Judge to decide that water was a medicine. The case was held under advisement until Monday, June 23d. The Judge consulted Dr. Porter, the City Physician, who advised the Judge that according to one school of medical water, applied to treat with, was practicing medicine and could not be resorted to without a certificate of enrolment as a regular physician. Under preposterous advice the Judge, without hearing any evidence for the defence, on the counsel for Mr. Van Horn demurring to the ruling, decided him guilty, and fined him two hundred and fifty dollars and ordered him to pay in addition the costs of prosecution.

Not being able to give security for the payment of the fine and costs Mr. Van Horn was committed to the common jail, where he was confined in a five by seven cell.

On the morning of June 26th, Mr. Van Horn's counsel petitioned for a new trial by jury, and he was brought into court to give bail to that end. This application was refused until July 1st, when after an able appeal of his counsel, Mr. Warner, a new trial was refused. Application was then made to have the fine reduced, but it was withdrawn.

On the morning of June 28th, Mr. Van Horn's counsel petitioned for a new trial by jury, and he was brought into court to give bail to that end. This application was held under advisement until the next morning, when the fine of \$250 was remitted and an imprisonment of fifteen days imposed.

The Ecstasies of Death!

"Oh! that I had the pen of an angel to describe the ecstasies of dying!" Such was the exclamation of the eminent Dr. Hunter, as he was undergoing his new birth into the spirit-life. We are reminded of this event by the following incident referred to by Bronson Murray, Esq., in a recent communication to the *Religious Philosophical Journal*. He says:

"The Christian Advocate announced that a child three years old, dying of scrofula fever, and hours unconscious, suddenly opened his eyes, looked around the room as though filled with wonder and delight, and exclaimed, clapping her hands, 'Oh! mama, see the beautiful children!' Her mother said, 'What?' 'Oh! all around,' she replied, turning her head in every direction, 'they are coming, they are coming, they are close to me.' And in a transport of joy, she put up both hands, laughing gleefully, and died."

We cannot but see in these ecstasies of death of the United States to insult a gentleman because of his nation (race?). We are, at last, a great, rich and prosperous people. Greatness should be great. Wealth should be generous, and prosperity should at least beget good manners.

Every American should resent every insult to himself, for while the rights of the lowest are not safe.

"While for the ancient myths and fables of your people, I have not the respect entertained by Christians, I still hold the rights of the Jews to be sacred as my own."

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MIND AND MATTER.

Spirit Communications.

MIND AND MATTER will contain three or more communications from spiritualists such as may be given in individual and group sections, but inclined to demonstrate the psychological power and influence of disembodied human intelligence over the physical organism of those sensitive persons known as Spiritual mediums. In choosing matter for this purpose, we will have nothing but what we really know—of every reason to believe is from communicating spirits. The question of identification of the spirits communicating, we will in no case attempt to determine, as that is a matter that would require facilities of perception which we do not possess.

Communications received through the mediumship of Alfred James, Aug. 12, M. S., 32, and taken down by the editor of **MIND AND MATTER**.

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR: I left the mortal life under circumstances over which I had no control. I was in the heat of opinion. After debating with several materialists, and conversing with many Spiritualists, I became convinced that my religious views were incorrect. Before the time that this occurred was popular, and was respected and admired by all who knew me. And, notwithstanding my conversion, and conscientious in my Christian belief, when I came to find it was an error, or a mass of errors, more properly speaking, and so admitted, I was neglected, persecuted, and driven to despair, by those so-called Christian humanitarians. Having been thus treated, I have sought to procure for them such comfort as they had been used to, this so preyed upon my mind that I became somewhat insane, and turned my hand against my own life. But in the after life I have once more regained the equilibrium of my intellect, and find it well to call myself a spiritualist. Justice for my wrong act as will my enemies, who will be scourged with a terrible retribution in the spirit life. I have said all I wish to say to-day. My name is, Rev. John MARPLES, Toronto, Canada West.

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My friends here on the earth are quite comfortable, and I do not know why they will not be willing to receive this coming from me in the way, but, nevertheless, I felt it was my duty to do it, and I was bound to fulfil that duty.

My name was: GEORGE GOLDTHWAITE, Montgomery, Ala., Late U. S. Senator.

AFTERNOON TO YER HONOR—Faith, and this is a strange way, but I've got a word to say, and that's all I need say. This does not mean I've been trying to get here for more nor four weeks, but the priests have headed me off. But don't tell the b's this, or they'll not believe it's myself. I went off in a hurry to the spirit-world, and being a strong, able kind of fellow, I wasn't long in getting to where I had been confined to go place when I was here, and, in fact, liked to go round a good deal, I've been after looking round pretty much. Tell the b's it's pretty much over here. It is over there, only you don't have so much trouble about it, as I did. I'm still here, but, nevertheless, I felt it was my duty to do it, and I was bound to fulfil that duty.

JAMES CURRY, Stockton, California.

[Wild-cat, the guide, said this man had been blown up while looking at some kind of machinery.]

I have great difficulty in speaking. I am very weak. I come here to send a word to my relatives and friends. I was old and had lived my full allotment of time, and was ready and willing to go, only there were mistakes here which caused me to be here. I can't call it a mistake, but it is difficult and which keep me in gloomy and somewhat unhappy surroundings. I have learned too much on another's merits, and I find that of no use. Each and every one of you must strive to secure happiness here. You'll just be after crowding in my name. There are others waiting to come in, and I'm too much of a goliath to keep them back.

JAMES CURRY,

Stockton, California.

SIR:—When a man commits suicide there is frequently this notice "No cause can be given for the rash deed, but there would be no effort to do it." There would not, there would be no effort to do it. Consider the way I was situated when I committed suicide. I was situated well financially. There was it that you committed suicide? Is the question. I did not do it. Strange details, but through carelessness, or in other words, was a Spiritualist, a medium, although not aware of that fact. And now for the cause. Many years back my father committed a great injustice to a certain friend of his, and this friend dying was possessed with the most bitter and dolorous feelings. He could not, however, but possess his mediumistic power was never able to gratify his revenge upon him. But he did follow me and obtaining control over me forced me to commit suicide. I should never have come here to explain this out of the fear of being sent to the spirit world, however, when I injure one another. And now in conclusion, all the suffering there is or has been since I went to spirit life, has been for the most part transferred to the spirit that forced me to a suicide's grave. I am comfortable and for the most part happy.

JOHN G. WALKER,
Valley Forge, Pa.

GOOD DAY—I wish speak a little with you. All kinds of beobles in spirit. I was on earth with you, call very plain, but not much to say. I am not much to say for my life, and as such, at times van dare was not much work. But I keep some of my old frens till we get to hear dae I am. Telling verle I am now. Its abrane but I am gradal and leavin de way. Ant that was some good news. I am not in the spirit world yet. I think I will be, but unti manifest to dem ash. I am verly strong. Unt so it ish. Good pye, daish all.

PETER PENTLER,
White Lake, Sullivan Co., N. Y.

GOOD AFTERNOON, SIR:—I had seen some spiritual manifestations in my earth life. I was not much attracted towards Spiritualism, yet, in my spirit life, I am compelled to use this same method of communication, as I am compelled to use the other.

There is a novelty in this way of crossing the bridge called death, that is certainly wonderful to me, whether it may be to mortals. To those who were near, and dear to me, whether they believed or not, I am satisfied. An angel of light, that I made the effort. Although using another man's organ and brain, my communication must necessarily be imperfect, yet I am happy to call her to-day to testify to the truth of a spirit life and let my relatives and friends know that I can come and will come until they are perfectly satisfied that it is I that speaks to them. Thank you.

You will sign me.
HORACE C. CARE,
Bowdoin, Maine.

The Opening Services at Lake Pleasant.

We are indebted to our brethren of the *Banner of Light* for the advance sheets of the report of their special correspondent of the opening services at Lake Pleasant, the meeting of the Spiritualists of Western Massachusetts from which we glean the following items of news:

Saturday evening, the 9th inst., while a portion of the campers and their friends enjoyed the opportunity of indulging in socials, the Patriotic Campers improved the conference, which was held in the hall over the dining-room. This was well attended and proved to be very profitable. It was presided over by President Beals, and pertinent remarks were made by the chairman, Sidney Howe, Gies B. Stebbins, Dr. Fairfield, Mrs. Pollard and others, the former giving a brief history of the camp.

Saturday trains brought to the grounds, among many others, Mr. and Mrs. Richmond, Dr. Fred L. Willis, Mr. George A. Bacon, Mrs. Thayer, the flower medium, Mrs. Mary A. Adams, Mr. W. J. Coville, and other well-known persons.

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MIND AND MATTER.

Original Poetry.

RETROSPECTION.

BY HORACE M. RICHARDS.

For Mind and Matter.
My thoughts turn back through the vista of years,
To the fresh early morn of my life,
Ere sorrow and sin had filled it with tears,
Or love had been buried in strife.
O! the long days that come nevermore;
Of the hopes that the dead in the past;
Tis in vain that I turn my life pages o'er,
Or ask if forever its sorrows will last.
Will all its days be full of despair?
Will its shadows rest ever and aye?
Will its sorrows be deep and dire?
And might duration be followed by day?
O! the long years that forever have fled;
Of the path that was strown in the past;
O! the hopes that forever lie buried, and dead!
Will fruition e'er meet me at last?
Why useless my life? Why wasted its hours,
With longings that never find rest?
Will my eye ever gaze on Eden's fair bower?
And my pilgrimage with the blést?
God lovingly grants the incoming years
Full of good to me, to my race,
My mission—to dry griefs' sorrowing tears.
While planting hope's light in their place.
And then at the end, when life's journey is o'er,
And of love's finds wings for its flight,
O! angels of love be thou at the door.
That leads from earth's darkness to light.
Philadelphia, August, 1875.

Experiences and Views of Rev. F. J. Briggs.

For Mind and Matter.

MR. EDITOR:—I have now reached the most important part of our subject. That is, the philosophy of the mental phenomena of these manifestations.

This has occasioned the severest perplexities, doubts and misgivings, and, in its workings, is the most abstruse of all. I do not hope to do justice. But the effort may do some good, and, perhaps, induce some one better endowed, a scholar, a psychologist, to give the elucidations that the needs of mankind demand.

The spirits can use its simulacra for the purposes we have mentioned, and many that we have passed over not to be tedious, with tolerable success. But it is nothing beyond that. They have not yet attained to a condition of power, or of control, of physical brain, fall below its earthly efforts. I used to think they were worth considerable and pretty keen. And now I know that they, standing alone, are worth just as much as they ever were—nothing. The identity of the author must be decided by the first of other criteria.

In the one case he used his own brains; in the other, another person's brain not adapted near as well to his intellect. The criticism may show the real worth of the message as it reaches us; but they do not disprove the author.

In fact he may have become far superior to what he was before. Yet he is still of the nature of a physical brain, fall below its earthly efforts.

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There is nothing internal or instinct in it.

Everyone carries his name that others may identify him as the individual, not confused with another, one else. Spoken, it is but a sound; written, it is only some conventional marks to indicate that sound. It has nothing that attaches to the inner self, or, ego, any more than the hats, or boots we wear, or a saddle, or a coat, or a horse to do with the occupants, though the latter use it to designate the house they live in. It may be a number. When the edifice crumbles to decay, the name is lost, or, if it has been engraved, it follows them. They are the names they leave the edifice. It is so with the proper name. It is no part of the deeds, or character, or status of the spirit. And when that leaves the body and goes to another, it is not the spirit that did their father, or mother, forgetting, or leaving, more truly, never recognizing the fact, that as the world progresses, so must the people, and as the people, so must the laws that govern them keep pace, or they will be of little avail in restraining the law and freedom-loving mind of the present generation.

But why return. Every now and then we are made to hear a slight ripple from the overzealous and benighted, fossils, who seem to believe that one of laws of sufficient force, for the protection that did their fathers, or must their forgotten parents, more truly, never recognizing the fact, that as the world progresses, so must the people, and as the people, so must the laws that govern them keep pace, or they will be of little avail in restraining the law and freedom-loving mind of the present generation.

But I believe we have little to fear from that bigoted class of individuals, as they are not numerically strong enough to carry their points against the popular will. Conventions may be held and resolutions adopted, but they will all fail to the ground when the attempt is made to enforce them against the will of the people.

In truth, the question seems to be: Has not one man an equal right with another, to enjoy his liberty and spend his time as he may elect?

Principally, in all cases, that so doing he does not injure that can be turned to the injury of another?

But why is not the Sabbath more holy than any other day of the week? If a day of rest from labor is more sacred, than the day upon which we labored more professedly than the Sabbath, more than the Sabbath, than that day? But some will say, is not the Sabbath sacred by and through the custom of ages? Yes, to those who believe, but not so to others. This is the reason that the Sabbath has had its use in the dark ages of the past, it may even have its use to-day; but for one, I fail to see it, and the reason is this: I believe that all people should be taught, not only that every day is sacred, but that every day is not so much so, that the grave is so sacred that not only the spirit, or dead should mark its sacred beauty or its holiness. They should be taught that there is no moment of their lives but is too sacred to be defiled by bad words, bad rum, tobacco, or any other thing, or habit which tends to injure or retard the purity of their lives.

Instead of attending church one day and taking advantage of their neighbor the other six, and that however much they may injure said neighbor, it can all be wiped out by the asking; teach them that the spirit of God will and must be held accountable for every act, and that such act be to the injury of another or to themselves, bad, vicious, or dishonorable habits. Do good deeds, live truthful lives, help your fellow-man whenever you see he needs it, and you need have no fear for the future.

Let me give examples, for they present the points of the other conditions being right, the success of the intellectual, first depends upon the ability of the spirit to use the medium's brain. This is gradually improved, by repeated practice on the part of the spirit manifesting. But all have not the same tact and ability in this respect, and do not necessarily succeed in it, nor do they expect. Some mediums' brains are better adapted for intellectual manifestations, just as much as the rapport, described in the previous article, is better adapted for the various physical manifestations.

A logical use of these keys will systematically explain the whole. Who will take them and do it?

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